The Bystander, May 8, 1918.—No. 753. Vol. LVIII.

The BYSTANDER

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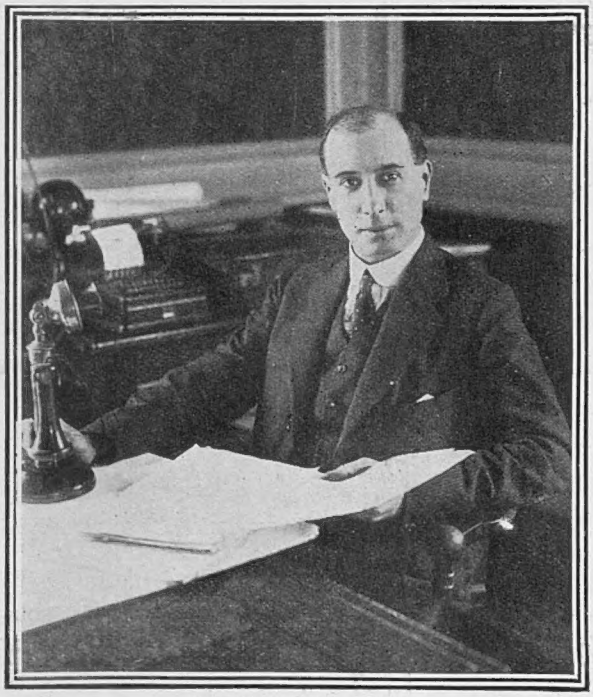
BYSTANDER COMMENTS ON THE WORLD WAR — AND ON THOSE WHO WAGE IT WISELY AND OTHERWISELY

Big Winners

On the week we are big winners, and fairly well in hand. It is a tragic commentary on civilisation that we must measure our success in terms of death. But when our enemies degrade everything under heaven, we must make them pay on their own assessment. And that is where we have won. It is not for us to say in what far greater proportion their casualties stand when compared with ours, but it will suffice that they are enormously heavier. And this is the standard by which fighting on the Western front must be judged—not in territory, but in life. And I believe that I shall be permitted to state that behind our brave lads there are immense reserves that are untouched.

The Prussian Pendulum

The Germans have a strong touch of the Bourbon about them. They never forget anything ; but they never learn anything. They use a stereotyped formula. "If the attack is fairly successful, talk about peace. If the attack fails, try making the Allies discontented with one another. In any case, tell lies." So the alternation runs on. Just now the attack has a failing look about it ; so the Germans spread the report that the Australians have been put into all the hot places to save the cowardly English ; that the French are complaining that the British let them down before Amiens ; and the British that the French lost Mount Kemmel. That the Americans never intended, and don't intend, to come over in force. All this rubbish may cheer the German civilians up—they need cheering up badly enough !—but they have no effect on the Allies beyond making them laugh at German gullibility and the hare-brained fatuity of the German psychologists.



SIR WILLIAM WEIR

Who, having succeeded in everything else he has put his hand (and brain) to, has now succeeded Lord Rothermere as Air Minister

Kuhlmann the Peace-Provider

Should they be more successful next time the attack breaks out, whether it be westward or southward, we may expect the peace offensive to be trotted out in force. That it is already being sedulously dished up there can be no doubt, with Kuhlmann as *chef*. Kuhlmann's peace viands have already won more for Germany in the Eastern theatre than ever Mackensen's drives did. For it is not till after the food is swallowed that the greedy eater discovers that it is highly indigestible, and even induces symptoms of acute botulism. The Allies are not sitting down to the Prussian peace-table yet awhile ; and when they do, it will not be Kuhlmann who will do the carving.

The Prime Minister's Tonic

Mr. Lloyd George appears to have one unfailing recipe for a tonic. When things over here get too "political" for him, he runs over to France to see how the war is getting on. It is the war-time correlative of his peace-time week-end golf at Walton Heath. And he always comes back refreshed—and refreshing. "The message I bring from the Army to the people at home is "Be of good cheer. We are all right.'" The Premier is certainly the antithesis of the boy who cried "Wolf !"—the Cassandra stunt does not appeal to him. He has fought hard to get unity of command for the Allies and he has got it. That matters far more to him—and, incidentally, to us—than the bickerings and wranglings of politicians at home, galvanised into a moribund activity by the smell of "votes and how to get them" once more. (And Monday morning brought us no bad news !)

The New Viceroy

The transfer of Viscount French from the command of the Home Forces to the Vice-Regal Lodge is a better instance of putting the right man in the right place than is often the case with political appointments. Ireland will be all the better for having a soldier at her head ; and when that soldier is also an Irishman and Colonel of the Irish Guards, it may help to reconcile her people to what they seem at present to regard as the doubtful gift of Home Rule—and even to think twice about resisting Conscription.

The War Has Hit Home

A friend of mine, who has been fighting "variously" (it is his own description) during these last four years, came home on leave five months ago, and is now amongst us again with another of those tell-tale gold stripes. And he is thrilled by the difference in the public attitude. At last—there is the war at home. He sees it everywhere now, and before it was missing. He is not one who pretends that

(*Continued on page 228*)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

when on leave he was glad to find it missing. That tragic and heartless contrast never appealed to him. He knew that the war would not be won in the field until it was realised at home; and now nothing less than this has happened. Perhaps the Mole men did it, or the dauntless fellows who stopped the Hun onrush. But someone has done it. And now everyone is in the war—right in it—and nothing matters but victory, and the only victory that our glorious dead deserve.

That War Cabinet!

STILL no great soldier in the War Cabinet, and no great sailor. Or should I put them the other way round? But isn't it, to say the least, on the face of it, ridiculous? The Empire is fighting for its very life and the War Cabinet decides everything. And the fight goes to the side that wins the war. Yet there is no one in the Cabinet who really knows anything about war. Surely there is no other country under heaven that would dream of such foolishness, and the only question is: Have we so much in hand that we can take the risk?

FRAU GERMANIA: "Yet another delay! Are we *never* going to get there?"

Ireland Again!

AFTER Mr. Birrell, K.C., Mr. Duke, K.C., and after Mr. Duke, K.C., Mr. Shortt, K.C. I happen to know the whole trinity of these lawyer politicians, and a very charming trio they are. Personally, I should have appointed the first to edit a paper: the second to defend the editor; and the third—to pay the bill of costs. But why should lawyers alone live in the Chief Secretary's lodge? Have they been so superbly successful? (Charming fellows, mind you, all the time and excellent on points of law, but lacking in imagination.) After epigrams, platitudes; and, finally—good-natured subservience! Poor old Ireland!

Concerning the Curse of Phrases

I TREMBLE every time I see a new phrase. I feel sure that Nelson never would have Nelsoned half so Nelsonly had he had "The Nelson Touch" searing itself into the back of his devoted head. Phrases are poisonous things, anyhow; when they are phrases from the application to itself of which even a prize peacock would recoil, they give one a real pain in the neck. This is becoming a war of phrases. Look, *par exemple*, at the vogue of "The Man Who Saved the Empire." Glory be, we cannot have more than half a dozen Men Who Saved the Empire!

What the Premier Might Do

BUT the existence, the currency, the persistence of such phrases makes one shudder, if but to think what may yet be in store. If the Premier (at the moment of writing) would, just for a day, stamp on his native reticence, wrestle with his innate inassertiveness, and announce that he would deliberately sing to the next person who called him The Man Who Did Anything, there might be hope of less phrase-y times ahead.

The Exodus Ebbs Back

SLOWLY the "bomb-dodgers" are dribbling back to town. Not with the frantic haste with which they bolted out; and a little shamefacedly. Perhaps it is a closer study of the law of averages (with which some of them should be tolerably conversant) that is bringing them back. Perhaps the expense involved in unnecessarily keeping up two establishments. Perhaps a terror of drastic travel restrictions. But mostly because all the loudly-heralded (by the timorous) nightly raids on London throughout the spring have not, up to the present, come to much. Certainly the spring hasn't come to much either; but the fact remains that up to the end of April there have been only five raids over London in the four months of 1918 that are already sped.

No Go-thas

"ONE month one raid" is probably too pleasant an average to be continued throughout the year, seeing that the Gothas will no doubt come—when they can. At present they don't seem to have

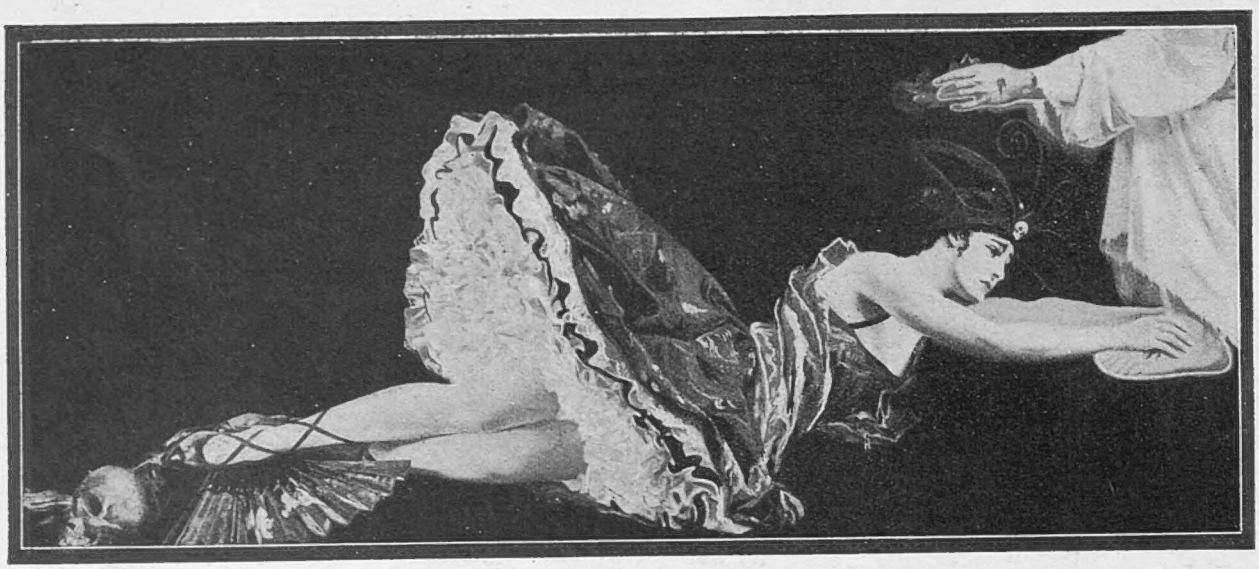
A REHEARSAL FOR THE FINAL TABLEAU

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

much leisure or much liking for excursions to London. So now that the nights are getting pleasantly short, and their gardens are in want of attention, the bomb-dodgers are returning, to meet the slightly contemptuous glances of their friends who stuck it out, and to enter on protracted negotiations with Food Control Committees over new food cards and the filling up of forms.

The Euphemists

THE Lower House of Convocation (hasn't Convocation something to do with "calling up," by the way?) has meekly trailed after the bishops' lead and abolished that resounding and tremendous word "damnation" from the rubrics, and substituted for it the milder "judgment." One would have thought these were not the times to be mealy-mouthed; or to cut out from the Church service such Psalms as invoke unpleasant treatment for our enemies; but a section of clerics must, apparently, always be "turning the other cheek." It is a pity that their sight cannot penetrate beyond their own parishes, and see what war has meant to their brethren in Belgium and Northern France. Their forefathers who compiled the Prayer-Book were of sterner stuff. Once Bishops fought—if only with a mace!



"THE TRIUMPH." By M. LINDSAY WILLIAMS

The Fourth War-Time Academy

By EGAN MEW

THE stalwarts of the Royal Academy, who have always followed their own ideas of right in the face of any foes who have been inclined to fall foul of them, are unaffrighted by the battles almost within our gates. This is the fourth May of the widespread war, but Burlington House makes an even better exhibition than usual. For one thing there are fewer examples of our native arts than in the old days, and those that appear are of higher æsthetic value. If in an exhibition of 1622 works of contemporary art there are at least twenty delightful and enduring pictures, surely that is a good proportion, and a fair payment of such debt as there may be due to posterity.

Our National Gift

PORTRAITURE has so long been the branch of art in which we are seen to greatest advantage that one expects much in this direction, and many of the paintings of Army men are excellent. Mr. Seymour Lucas and Mr. Llewellyn show to advantage in this direction, but they are only two among twenty whom there is no space to name. Of other portraits, Sir John Lavery's "Mr. Asquith" is remarkable for its lack of success, while his other four portraits are all splendid works. Mr. Ouless is better than ever; and the President is seen to far greater advantage than usual.

War Influence

EVERY act in the frightful drama of the war can, of course, be composed into an effective picture. But the real horrors, the everyday incidents, of long contested, bitter battles, can only be treated, from my point of view, by such a mordant pen as that which Goya used so effectively. To paint the trivial incidents of the movements of doomed men, to depict with artistic cunning the movements of victory or defeat, to attempt the anecdote, seem to me now and always to belittle the preposterous cataclysm of the shock of arms.

The Public Demand

BUT the public of all ages have always demanded such a sort of picture from their painters, and this year the artists give freely of subjects connected with the outward showing of the war, but hardly of the awful spirit with which it is inspired. Mr. Wollen, always a soldier's painter, is at his best, but there are at least fifty other men who have made the subject their own this year, and have produced really fine work. Mr. Bernard Partridge has attempted to give us an ideal, symbolic figure of the tragic "Belgium." It will probably be admired by the uninformed, but it really shows how wise the artist has been to confine himself all these years almost entirely to black and white on a small scale.

Beautiful Women

THESE are everywhere. Mr. Greiffenhagen, Sir John Lavery, Mr. Shannon and many more give us some hundreds of careful and brilliant examples—pictures which we hope will last through the ages.

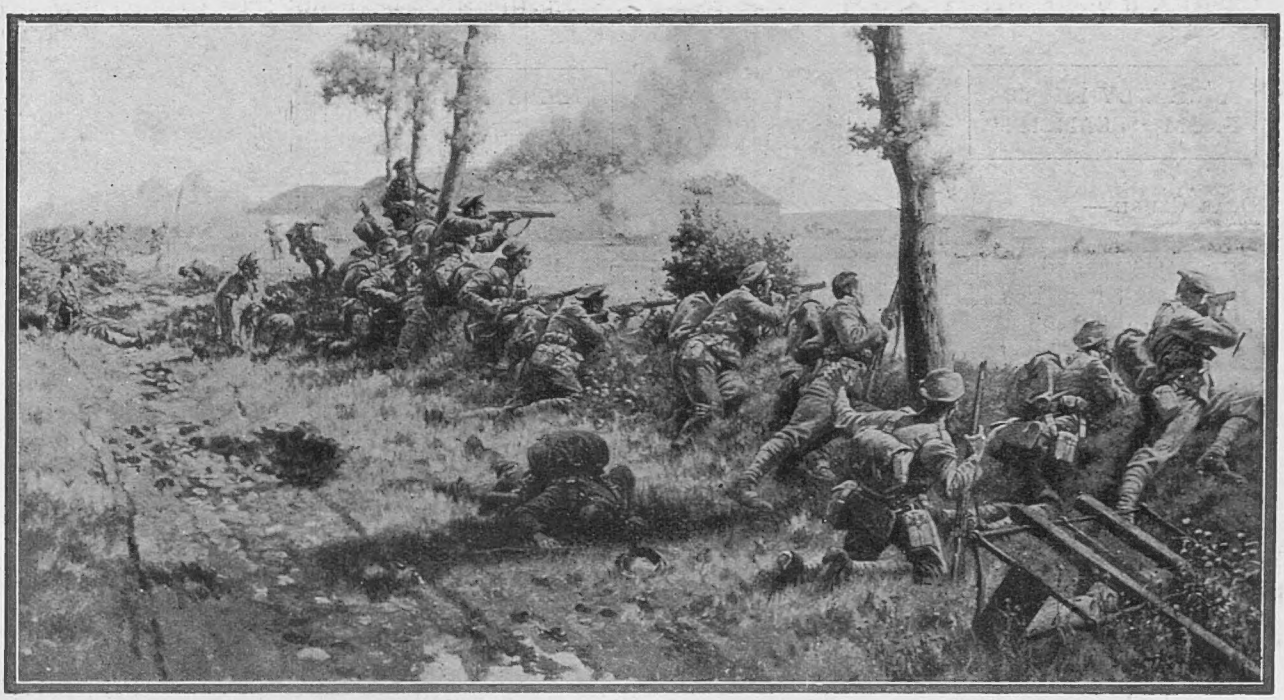
Sculpture

MUCH that is good is shown under this heading. Mr. Wright's fallen "Icarus" is instinct with beauty; Mr. Mewburn Crook's "Belgium" gives the true feeling of divine sorrow which Mr. Partridge's picture lacks; the memorials to many gallant men are many, the best is of the Hon. John Manners, by Mrs. MacKinnal.

Envoi

IT is at once a delight and a surprise to find that amid the blood and dust and terror of years of battles, those who really understand life best, the artists, should be able to produce so many beautiful and joyous works.

Two War Subjects at Burlington House



"THE LITTLE CONTEMPTIBLES." By W. B. WOLLEN

"GOT 'IM!" By ALFRED PRIEST

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"IN ENGLAND—NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

"A little 'leaf' might cheer him"

DEAR COUSIN—

LONDON, *May* 6, 1918.

REALLY passed all the bounds now, this war, hasn't it? You know, one could *just* bear it when it only interfered with the *necessities* of life. But now they're taxing our *luxuries!*

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ALREADY the dragon-dog, deprived first of his meat and now of his biks, looks at me "very old-fashioned." To wear a perfect pearl-chain puts you under suspicion of having, if not profiteered, then failed to contribute to the Red Cross necklace. And the otherwise much be-jewelled lady is immediately suspect, these days, of laying up treasure which the Duchess of Marlborough and others would be glad of for their baby schemes.

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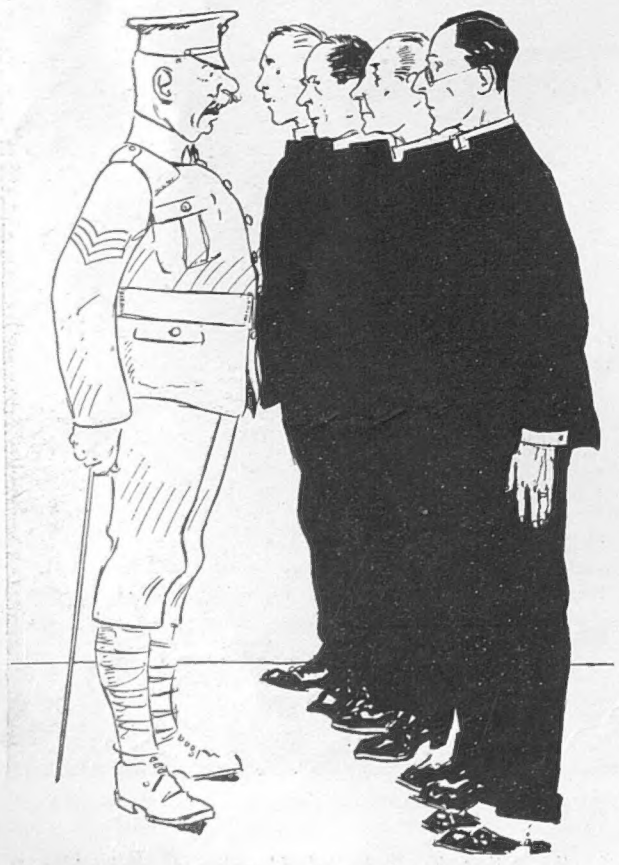
LAST, not least, Miss Elizabeth Asquith's request for "gold and silver" puts us out of terms with even those household gods we most cling to—the Georgian salt-cellars, whose familiar lovely lines might at least comfort our eyes while our teeth dealt with the last monstrosity in camouflaged lentils and war-bread; the gold cup that shines still so goldenly though war-time lights grow dim; the thin old spoons without alloy that glorify our creamless, sugarless, war-time coffee.


"Clergy for war"

IT is the very last word in charity schemes that we should give up these, or some of these, so as (1) to succour the wounded; (2) to help our national financial stability by increasing the reserves of gold and silver in the bank; (3) to save tonnage. And the bulk of the metals received will, say the collectors, "be sent to the refiners and sold to the Mint as bullion."

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IT sounds rather like the thin end of the wedge. The war's taken our men, emptied our pockets, ruined our digestions; now it's reaching out its greedy claw to seize those treasures laid up on earth that do such a lot to make life worth living—even in war-time. And—well, if it only helps to "learn" us that there *is* a war on—a jolly good thing too. We've gone on much too long comfily here at home, while in other places the tragedy of war is wiping out, in slaughter and sacrifice unthinkable, the youth of half the world.

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CHEERED us up no end, by the way, even though the price was heavy, the Zeebrugge exploit on St. George's Day. The long-drawn-out, terrible fight for the Channel ports had rather lowered our resistance, so to speak; and there was a sort of a suggestion of a fright, too, among our weaker brethren, that it might be that even the heroic British Army could not keep the enemy from hammering at our gates.

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IN a word, brought the war home to us rather *too* closely; for it's human nature, I suppose, not to care very deeply what happens to other people so long as you and yours are safe. And so we just loved it when once again the British Navy took the limelight. We had almost forgotten the Sea Power we once thought kept England as free as—well, Ireland, from war and war's alarms. But we shan't forget Zeebrugge in a hurry—nor, I guess, will the Germans!

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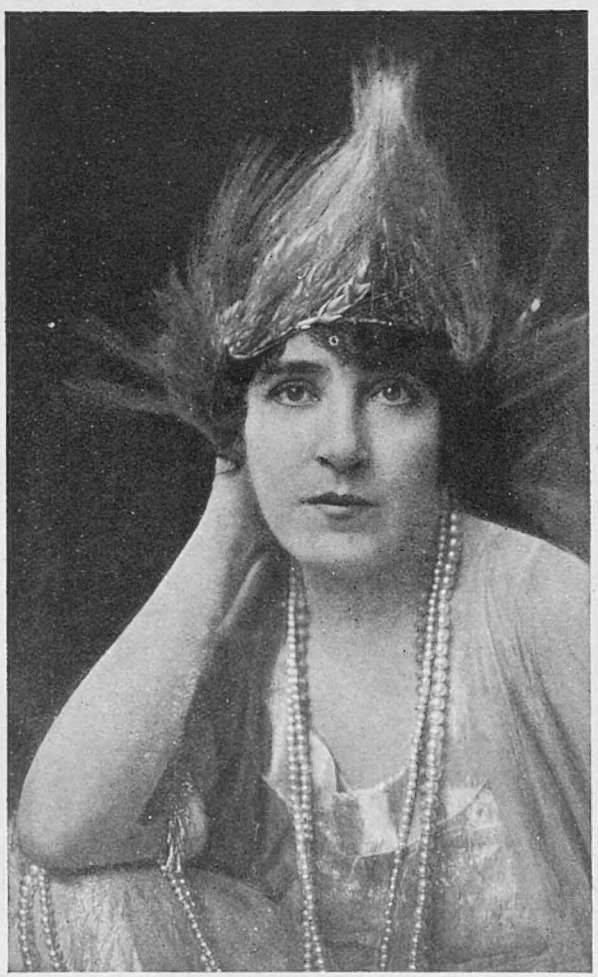
MEANTIME, my correspondence with the Senior Service has just been enlivened by this small plea from the bounding blue. "Could you cheer up the 'owner,' do you think, Blanche," asks a very gallant naval sub, "by writing him a line? At times

(*Continued on page 234*)

Three Fair Pageanteers at Queen's Hall

Photograph *Hoppé*

LADY SWETTENHAM



Photograph *Hoppé*

MRS. EDWARD HULTON

MISS LATTA

In the Pageant of Freedom at Queen's Hall, Mr. L. N. Parker out-Parkers himself. Last year's "Pageant of Fair Women" was a superlative success, but this year's Pageant is to dwarf all previous records of pageantry. And all in aid of the Red Cross

he's quite unlike his usual witty self, becomes mouldy in fact, and what I think is that he feels neglected.

As he said to me the other day: "Blanche writes about the soldiers, civilians, naval subs, snotties, and everyone, but has never even thought about that hard-worked, very-harassed, and well-meaning branch of *the* Service, the destroyer captains!"

Which is all *he* knows about it, isn't it? Really, of course, I can hardly sleep o'nights thinking of 'em—destroyer captains, I mean—even though sometimes they *are* married. And as for this particular heart-breaker—could it be, d'you think, that being still very young, though of so exalted rank, he *broods*, like the melancholy poet, and gets

. . . Sad as night,
For very wantonness?

You never can tell, you know, and I shouldn't at *all* wonder.

But, persiflage apart, I hope the gallant captain by now has cast his mouldiness. A little "leaf" might cheer him. There's lots to see here in London now, war or no war. To start with the Academy—

Pure pictures for pensive people.

Eh, what? Or the shoppers shopping—so's to save that tuppence in the shilling such a funny Committee's now sitting on. Or the Bishop of London "calling up," for war, his clergy. That ought to be a sight to please sore eyes, after all these weary years of mere *lay* war.

A student of languages might also make a round of the theatres here in London now, where he could learn the strange, wild tongue that is spoken by our newest Allies, the Americans. For the war that takes no count of persons (or, at least, not very much) has either swallowed up or else silenced the muse of a multitude of our authors and actors, and into their empty place has stepped happy, war-free America. I forget if it's ten or a dozen American theatrical shows running here in London now; and their name, of course, is Legion—the American players in our midst.

For further diversion from the famous old war, there's a new season of opera just started at the Shaftesbury, featuring all the ancient winners—*Carmen, Butterfly, Trovatore, Faust, Cavalleria, Tannhäuser, Mignon, Bohème,* and the rest. And for one who cometh from the long vigil of the sea, where petticoats are not, it should also furnish entertainment to see the London women re-arrayed in the new tight skirt that is 1918's fashion. For war is war, but the goddess fashion is still fashion, and she who does not follow her an outcast and a wash-out in the world where one amuses oneself.

Though there are also to be seen, of course, those happy ones, the women war-workers, who, in shouldering the yoke of war, have been made gloriously free of the thrall and bondage that grips their still only "womanly" sisters. Uniforms may become more or less becoming, but the mere fact that they *are* uniforms delivers them from the vassalage of fashion.

"Pure pictures for pensive people"

But, of course, *the* war-time sight must be not in London, but in Ireland now. On the day that Mont Kemmel fell, though our men fought to the death defending it, they say Dublin revelled in the crowdedest, jolliest Phœnix Park race-meeting there's been for years and years—war's *such* a money-maker, isn't it, for the neutrals? And there's no shortage of *anything*—food, drink, men, or money.

Over here we're to have *still* more potatoes in our bread—oh, our *poor* insides, which already feel positively lacerated, what with the dryness of everything, not to speak of the deadly dullness! And the "specials" are to be almost real policemen, poor dears, with longer hours and quite *horrid* duties. And the "charity *matinées*" have begun again—no one can say "Society" hasn't done *wonderfully* in the war, can they?

The war's changed a lot, but the new taxation that's to pay for it will alter almost beyond recognition the face of things here in England. Perhaps our grandchildren, but never, I suppose, ourselves or our children, will see again an England of, say, the Edwardian period, when economy went out of fashion, and wealth was the one "Open Sesame" to every honour, every society, every everything.

Of course, it's *very* important still—money, I mean. But war's a great leveller, a great sifter of the essential and the non-essential, and—well, a millionaire's no more useful than a pauper to help hold the gates of Calais, is he? Though, I suppose, without money behind it, even the wonderful brain and the beautiful body of man would be useless. Which is one more proof, isn't it, of the horror and hatefulness of war?

With Love, yours ever, Blanche.

BAIRNSFATHER ON THE ITALIAN FRONT

A Visit to the Alpini

PASSED BY CENSOR

Of course, when one *has* got a howitzer up into a position like this, there is not much chance of the enemy staying in the trench marked X——X

Not a "Cushy Job"

One hears sometimes of the comparatively small risks run by the troops engaged in supply work, and not in the actual firing-line; but this picture from the Alpine front indicates that there are plenty of risks other than those entailed by rifle or shell fire. Motor transport of heavy guns is ticklish work in such country as this, where the slightest miscalculation of distance means irremediable disaster

The Bystander in PARIS

"LE MONDE S'EN VA" *ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN*

MES AMIS—

THERE are in everything compensations—is it not? One does not like any better the fat Bertha, but yet one discovers how even she has made a benefit for us in Paris. Before that she began the life was very difficult. There were so much too many people and the Government distracted itself what to do.

❋ ❋

ONE could not at the hour of the *apéritif* discover a table at the café and it was more than difficult, it was completely impossible, to find a taxi-auto willingly to conduct one to a distance. There was a population immense of every nation. One would amuse oneself to count them on the *terrasse* of the Café de la Paix.

❋ ❋

IT was of the many who were not soldiers that Paris was embarrassed. Our city is hospitable, yes—even in the time of war; but for us French people who cannot fight—we stay at home to work, and do not make so many societies to follow our army.

❋ ❋

AND there were the neutrals—oh, so many!—that were everywhere to make money with a something to sell. One does not, when one fights, admire a neutral, and when he makes much money it disgusts a little. And some were not clever to be modest, but made pretence to be *chic* with their *soirées* when all the society of France comports itself quietly.

❋ ❋

HOW Madame the *grosse* Bertha has changed it all. One amuses oneself a little to see the great difference; and almost one says: "*Merci, Madame!*" Our population of the Babel Tower has gone—disappeared. One finds again a place for everyone in the café. It is no longer we who demand of the *cocher* to be carried, but he who makes his sign; and in the Métro one is not any longer so completely flatted as the sardine in his box.

"Some made pretence to be chic"

❋ ❋

SHE has made a ventilation in Paris, the fat Bertha, and it is again possible to breathe. But in the towns of the provinces and in the Midi—what a congestion! The Babel finds itself transported, and the hotels of the country, which have slept so quiet since the war began, are so full as if again it was a great "*saison Cook.*" Alice, who is *chez* her grandmother at T——, has written me that there there are some who slept in the *salles des bains.* And at C—— the authorities made so clever a ruse.

"There are some who sleep in the salles des bains"

❋ ❋

IN their town was a number enormous of refugees of every kind and *surtout* of the ones with money. In two days one could not easily find enough for everyone to eat. Monsieur le Maire and the Council of the town were become alarmed. For many hours they held a meeting to discuss the situation. One spoke of a petition to the Government. Another said: "We will not give bread cards to these."

(Continued on page 238)

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

"What a rushing in déshabille!"

But Monsieur le Maire, who listened to all the speeches, did not say a little word. "In C——," said one of the Council very eloquent, "we do our duty to La France. We take our part in the war. We make our sacrifice. But to support so great a multitude who are not our citizens—who are not even of our country——."

❋

It was then Monsieur le Maire took the *parole*. "My friends," he said, "the situation which presents itself is difficult. But how may one do? One would not be inhospitable to these poor people. For the present I counsel you to attend. Circumstances will ameliorate themselves."

❋

There was much criticism, but Monsieur the Mayor preserved his calm and smiled. It was when all the Council and the refugees were in their beds asleep that he made his plan to work. At a blow everyone was awakened. "*Quoi donc!*" "*Qu'est ce que c'est?*" how they all leaped up. "*Voilà—les sirens! les Gothas!*"

❋

Monsieur the Mayor had given the *alerte*. What a fuss there was, for never before had there been such a thing at C——. What a rushing in *déshabillé* to the cellars. And the next day there were stories so dreadful of bombs, but it was always they had fallen at the other end of the town. "We are more safe in Paris," the *fuyards* said when they were told.

❋

And the next night Monsieur le Maire and the Chief of the Pompiers, who so enjoyed the fun, contrived again their plot. More loud and more long than before the sirens made their yell at one hour of the morning, and how the *fuyards* grumbled. It was two hours the Chief of the Pompiers left them to be cold in the cellars before he would sound the *berloque*.

❋

The next day at the station of the *chemin de fer* were so many that it was impossible to find the places on the train back to Paris; and now at C—— there is enough to eat for everyone.

❋

It is to me amusing how in these days it has been most the soldiers who have had "the wind up," as you say, about our bombardment. Frédéric has written to us from the front of Amiens (where it is so safe) that we must go away because it is dangerous to us here; and there are many English officers who are writing to their wives to return to England. I think, perhaps, now a little they understand how it is for women in war that they must live alone when their men are in such danger.

❋

But here in Paris there are many monsieurs who have commanded to their wives to go, but themselves they rest. "It is my duty," they have written to their anxious ones so far in the country. But each day Bertha has made a less bombardment, and where it is all safe they commence to wonder: "What is it my Ferdinand does that he will not allow that I should return?"

❋

It is last week that I wrote how the bombs of the Gothas were favourable to the harmony conjugal—but with the shells it is, I think, not so. The German Bertha makes a little a disunion in the *ménage* Parisian. And for the monsieur, perhaps, it is that the front is not so dangerous as our city.

Your friend,

AGNÈS

"M. le Maire and the Chief of the Pompiers enjoyed the fun"

"AERONAUTICAL"

"Somewhere in Flanders"

BEHIND THE BEYOND

By "JACK JOHNSON"

MY DEAR BYSTANDER—

THE decrees of Providence are indeed inscrutable! I would no more have imagined two days ago that I was destined to be addressing you from this sylvan retreat than I am expecting to be left a country mansion with deer forest at Barking Creek by the will of the old lady outside Waterloo Station, whom, when last on leave, I assisted to the perpendicular position after a small boy on a bicycle with no back brake had impinged himself noiselessly upon her.

Though you would never think it, the great military machine is omniscient, with a watchful eye on the minutest cog in its composition, be it never so humble.

⁂ ⁂

"YOU will proceed," ran the telephone message I found awaiting me, "forthwith to A——. You will bring a motor cycle with you, and at B—— you will descend forthwith from the train, mount your motor cycle, and proceed forthwith to C——. You will then report forthwith to Colonel Haggis."

"*Forthwith!*" The word struck me like a blow between the eyes. Could they really mean this?

Not for me then to dally by the wayside and frolic in country pastures harking to the cuckoo's kindly song, or sport for an afternoon with village maidens in leafy lanes. Denied me was the hectic joy of going bird's-nesting or playing *vingt et un* with the *chef de gare* of some lonely rural station.

It was a bitter pill to swallow, but, realising that upon the swiftness with which I got to C—— might hang the fate of the British Empire, I kept a stiff upper lip, and darted for the train like one possessed, leaving the work to look after itself.

⁂ ⁂

THE journey to C——, though wearisome to the flesh, was not without its minor interests. The Alliance was represented by a Belgian captain, a French lieutenant, and a Portuguese corporal, and by the time the train—which averaged a steady five miles per hour—had dashed into the station at B—— we were all of us calling each other by our Christian names, and vowing friendship that would never wilt. And when exhausted by our own volubility we at length fell into a gentle slumber a measure of innocent fun was unconsciously provided by a hapless refugee through the medium of an enormous package enveloped in sacking, containing (as afterwards transpired) the carcase of a large pig, which fell from the rack with a dull thud on to the head of the Portuguese corporal, recalling him with a wild scream to the stern realities of life.

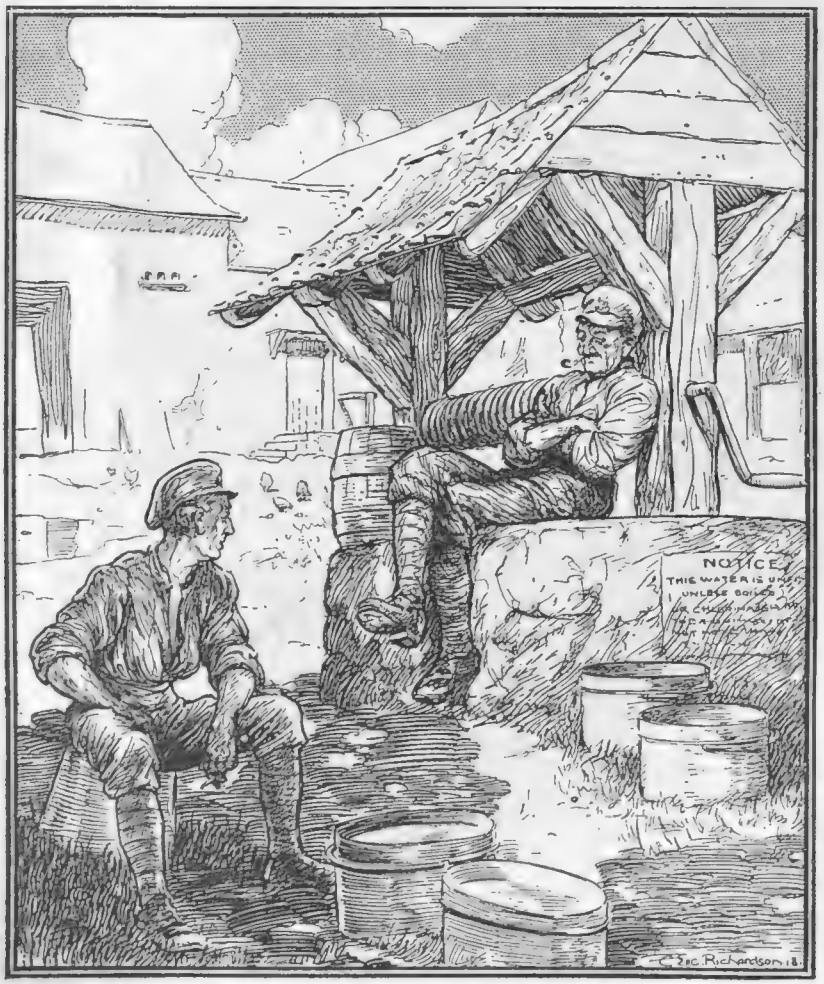
⁂ ⁂

TWENTY-FOUR hours later I whizzed into C——, having established records usually associated with Brooklands racing track, and reported forthwith to Colonel Haggis.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed, in astonishment, on seeing me, "you have been quick. We didn't expect you till next Thursday!"

Yours ever,

JACK JOHNSON.



PASSED BY CENSOR

THE WATER FATIGUE

"Save a lot of trouble, old man, if these villagers kept their wells full, wouldn't it?"

The Raid

PASSED BY CENSOR

"BERT! IT'S OUR OFFICER!"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

The Sun That

"Will that infernal sun never set? It seems like years and years that I've been

Will Not Set

watching it going down; and now it looks as if it were just going to rise again!"

Post-War Prophecies. The Utility of Tear Gas

PASSED BY CENSOR

"The soul-stirring drama, entitled 'The Child who Sank a Dreadnought,' performed before a crowded house, proved an immense success. The intense pathos moved the audience to tears."—EVENING SCREAM.

BY "JINGLE" *Illustrated by LEWIS BAUMER*

THIS is a personal triumph for Miss Helen Raymond, a humorist of distinction. Of commanding presence and wearing lovely frocks, Miss Raymond talks American with delightful volubility, and her acting is unusually capable. In the play she is Signora Monti, the very level-headed wife of an Italian tenor much given to philandering—but not if she knows it! I have never quite been able to understand why a man with a tenor voice should be such a favourite with the ladies; but then there must necessarily be lots of things about ladies that are beyond my simple comprehension. There was, for instance, that little girl with the brown eyes—but perhaps not. Some other time, laddie. Some other time.

❋

THE play opens in the living-room of Mr. Hawkins' flat on a night in Spring, and everybody knows the effect of Spring on impressionable people, whether we quote Tennyson to that effect or not. The Hawkinses appear to be giving a kind of Bohemian dance. We do not see the dancers, but the noise of music and joyous laughter combined is wafted to us from the distance, as if quite a number of happy people were having the time of their lives. Mr. Hawkins himself does not care for these elaborate functions, as he is a husband of the domesticated order; but Mrs. Hawkins finds them indispensable to her happiness—on the present occasion more especially, since the party includes the renowned Signor Monti, who, with his plain-spoken wife, occupies the flat overhead.

❋

PRESENTLY the Signor leaves the dancers. He comes into the living-room and begins, as it were, the opening bars of a mild flirtation with his hostess. Mr. Hawkins, like most husbands, has a rather clearly defined objection to this sort of thing; but his wife explains that the Signor means no harm. In this respect she is probably misinformed, but that is her look-out. The one point to be noted, however, is that Mrs. Hawkins herself has not the least wish to go beyond the limits of a mild flirtation. This is a detail to be insisted upon, because the subsequent behaviour of the Signor might give rise to the disquieting suspicion that he had received a good deal of hopeful encouragement in the wrong direction.

❋

THE Signor's wife, who keeps a very wary eye upon his movements, has noticed the little flirtation, and has a remedy of her own for the trouble. She informs Mr. Hawkins that she and her husband are leaving their flat upstairs, as their landlord has offered them very advantageous terms in respect of another flat he has to let. Hawkins is very glad to hear it, because it will take the odious Signor away from the premises. About the same time he, too, receives an advantageous offer to change his flat, and

(Continued on page 246)

with the opening of the second act the change in both cases has been effected. It is then that Hawkins realises to his horror that the tenants of the flat overhead are—Signor and Signora Monti. This change of residence is apparently the pivot of the play, because it affords a reasonable excuse for the Signor's very natural mistake, made a little later, when he enters the Hawkinses' flat under the impression that he is in his own. I am told that people who live in hotels and hydros and places like that are well acquainted with the difficulty of finding the right room late at night; and I suppose the same difficulty arises in the case of flats. Let us take the most charitable view of the matter anyhow.

THE scene of the second act is the Hawkinses' new bedroom, nicely decorated and furnished in the approved style of Tottenham Court Road, with a bed at each end of the room. This topographical detail, also, has a definite purpose to serve. Hawkins has gone to his club, and Mrs. Hawkins retires to bed. She is rather nervous at being left alone, but hopes that she will soon be asleep and forget her fears. A moment or so later she hears a strange noise, and at once jumps out of bed and hurries to an adjoining room for refuge. It might be burglars, or it might be a policeman—which some say is worse. It turns out to be the Signor. In the most natural manner in the world he has mistaken the flat for his own, and there he is.

A FURTHER excuse for the Signor's woeful error is to be found in the fact that he is in a cheery and benevolent state of intoxication. He is too happy to be able to notice any difference in the appointments of the room he enters. His chief anxiety is to be able to get into bed before his wife wakes up and begins asking complicated questions, the consideration of which would involve an intellectual effort which is not reasonably to be expected at such a late hour. He therefore removes his garments hurriedly in the usual order, taking his seat on a chair with his back to us for the decisive stage of the operation. I am not quite sure that this scene is one that will amuse everybody.

SOON after that the Signor's adventures begin with a rush. Mrs. Hawkins is, of course, quite innocent of the adventure, but the dismal fact remains that the Signor is in Mr. Hawkins' bed and must be got out and hidden away. So out he comes, and is popped into a large hamper, from whence, disturbed in an attempt to escape, he finds refuge underneath a bed instead of inside it. And so on. The story itself is very ordinary, but it is clearly only designed as a peg on which Miss Helen Raymond may hang her coruscating criticisms of the behaviour of husbands in general and of her own very erratic specimen in particular. It is soon clear that, in spite of the elaborate care with which the sinful man elaborates his schemes of gallantry, his misplaced ingenuity will be effectively countered by his wife at the right moment. Miss Raymond's diverting comments and mildly slangy "asides" are an entertainment in themselves. Indeed, without her stalwart and welcome aid the production would hardly appear to enjoy any great prospect of success.

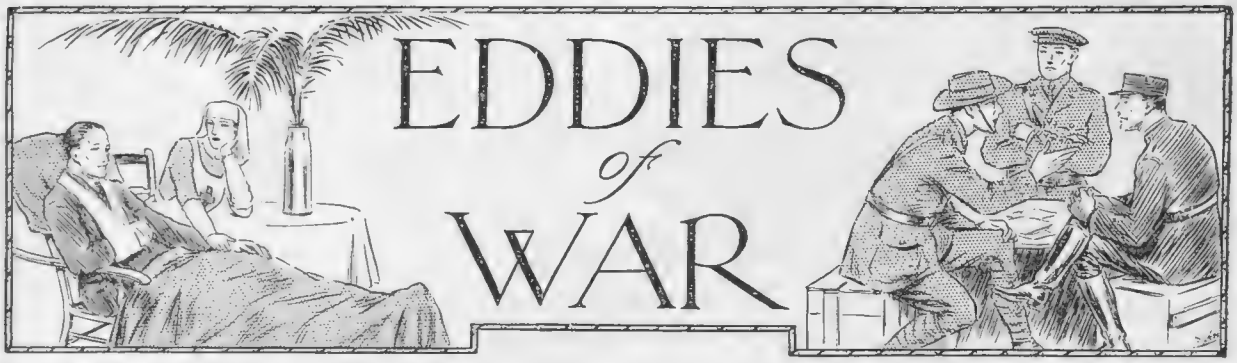
JINGLE

London's Latest Thriller

Photograph *Malcolm Arbuthnot*

MISS KYRLE BELLEW

As she appears in "The Knife," at the Comedy



AFTER TWENTY YEARS. BY DELL LEIGH

IT had taken Keene just over twenty years to work the business up to its present pitch of excellence. He was only a salaried servant of Worsfall, May and Whittington, Naval and Military Outfitters, of Savile Street, W.—but old May, the senior partner, knew well enough.

Keene, the cutter, he had once been, sitting below stairs in the early gaslit days, and only appearing demurely when called, "Mr. Keene, please, Captain D'Arcy's tunic"! Then Keene would arrive with the garment, and set to work with an air of quiet absorption and a mouthful of pins. But his personality attracted business; and the owners kept more and more in the background. "No, thanks, I want to see Keene—where is Keene? He understands me, and I'm dámn difficult to fit," customers would say. And one tells another: "Oh, they're not bad tailors—but you must see that Keene looks after you." They raised his pay, and gave him an agreement. But that did not stem the tide of Keene's capabilities. Gradually he took longer watches at the helm of the business, and steered Worsfall, May and Whittington through successful balance-sheet after balance-sheet, amid the fierce competition of the neighbourhood. Many a larger enterprise than a Naval and Military Outfitters has been brought to fame and fat profits by the driving personality of one individual.

PASSED BY CENSOR

SOMEBODY'S DARLINGS

* *

WHEN war broke out, and the orders began to pour in, Keene metaphorically took his coat off and prepared, all smiling, to receive the charge of the newly commissioned officers. They came in their dozens and fifties throughout the autumn and winter of '14, and after. Keene it was who persuaded the only remaining partner, old May—the other two were dead—to allow him to go to Bradford and squander the firm's capital on bales of khaki cloth; for Keene foresaw a long war. May had by this time openly succumbed to the forcefulness of Keene, and only appeared at business two or three times a week. It was Keene who steered the vessel, provisioned it with cloth, avoided as many bad debts as possible, welcomed all good customers, was frigidly polite to bad, and found himself at the age of 45 on the verge of becoming a partner, and so settling down comfortably for the remainder of his days, feeling rather tired. And then they raised the age limit.

* *

WHEN Keene read the news he saw the whole fabric of his twenty years' plodding falling about his greyish hairs. The mortgage of the little house at Pinner was nearly paid off. His boy, Ted, was on the right path for a scholarship at Cambridge. Old May had been hinting broadly of late about "getting out of the saddle" (he hadn't been in it for years). Everything was in the hollow of Keene's large and capable hand. But if they took him for service he would never be "on the spot." The personal touch would cease. No man was indispensable: he had always said so himself when the young 'uns had come for exemptions. Old May would be obliged to bring Raikes, the breeches

(Continued on page 250)

The Army takes over a Château—

PASSED BY CENSOR

—And the Staff moves in!

"EDDIES OF WAR" (*concluded*)

cutter, up from below—and, in short, he was "cooked."

It was a cruel blow. But Keene said nothing. He was particularly charming that same afternoon to Lord Finesse, who owed them £300 and hadn't a "pony." When Colonel Reed came in for a thin overcoat next day, commiserated with him, and suggested a job in the Royal Army Clothing Department, "where you would be most useful y'know," Keene, to the gallant soldier's astonishment, refused.

"No, I don't think I'd better do that, Colonel; many thanks all the same. If they want us, we must go where they tell us, same as the New Armies did."

In the fullness of time, when the up-to-twenty-fives had been disposed of, they called for Keene, tersely, on a piece of buff paper.

"You will present yourself for medical examination, etc., etc."

⁂ ⁂

ON the day appointed Keene, with many other silent fathers of families, presented himself at the place where the feet of the young men had trod before him. It seemed hours before they told him to strip. He remembered afterwards glancing at the clock in the bare room: 12.15, and Captain Wace was coming in to slip on his new tunic at 12.20: and Raikes hated him, and would be careless.

Three officers looked dispassionately at him over their glasses as he stood rather corpulently before them. One began prodding and stethoscoping, muttering "Ah! h—m! . . . yes," under his breath. He went to the far end of the room and whispered to the others.

"What?" said one in a bored voice. "D.A.H.? Oh, all right—no, I think not; look at his waist." He was evidently the senior.

The prodding man followed Keene out and said, "Your heart is defective—no, nothing serious. Don't run upstairs often. No, we don't want you."

⁂ ⁂

"WHAT'S that?" said old May, later, his face brightening visibly. "Well, that's a comfort, anyway! Come in here."

They sat down before the fire in the old man's room, and he brought out the cigars that are only used when bills are paid; the box was nearly full.

"Now about a Deed of Partnership . . . ."

PASSED BY CENSOR

"MONARCH OF ALL HE SURVEYS"

Ready Mixed

IT would seem that a great deal of unnecessary and quite illogical fuss is being made about the export of sand and gravel from Holland to Germany for making concrete. Haven't we just been ourselves exporting concrete to the enemy—viâ Zeebrugge?

A Bitter Pill

THE new Sweets Order is not meeting with the approval of some of the big West End general shops. It means rather an acid drop in their profits.

Cause and Effect

IT is a good thing that the lock at Zeebrugge has been so effectively closed. It couldn't be done earlier, for we had to wait until we got the Keyes.

Thumbs Up

TO replace Inspector Frederick Hunt, the anthropometry expert at Scotland Yard, whose retirement has just been announced, will not be easy. He was indeed a detective to the finger tips.

Looking After His Frontier

French Official Photograph

The King of Greece recently paid a visit to the British Army at Salonica. Our picture shows him talking to the British Commander inside the lines on the Struma Front

Meadowsweet

By KATHLEEN A. SIMMONS

A boy and girl sat in a field beside the River Thames, watching the long rays of sunset. Because there was much to say and little time to say it, they drifted first into silence that almost broke down their courage, and then into speech—snatching at the smallest excuse for remark.

"I shall always love this meadow," said the girl.

"'Field!" corrected the boy.

"Meadow!" she persisted.

"What's the difference?"

"If you don't know I can't tell you. There are fields that are fields, and fields that are meadows. This field is a meadow!"

She thrust a spray of fluff into his face.

"What is it?"

"Meadowsweet!"

"Never saw it before!"

"Hundreds of times!" she scoffed. "You've never gathered it, that's all. Smell!"

"It's rather jolly! Not too strong—and not dead white. I hate those hot-house things, don't you?"

She caught sight of the sun, and buried her face in her hands.

"Buck up, old girl!" he said.

"Awfully feeble of me, isn't it?" she apologised.

"Frightfully feeble! Didn't expect it of you."

She rallied to his level tones, and rose to her feet. She crumpled a sprig of meadowsweet between her fingers and dropped it into his coat pocket.

"For luck—and remembrance!" she said. "Till your man shakes it out."

"He won't do that; sew the flap down when we get in, won't you?"

She laughed, knowing his incurable habit of thrusting his hot pipe into his pocket. She sewed down the flap of his coat before he left for France.

The tunic with the closed pocket never came back with his things when he was reported missing. Other things came home, and his mother was generous; but the girl who had filled his pocket with meadowsweet would have given them all for the memory of that hour beside the river, when the rays of the setting sun had streaked the Thames with gold, and the scent of the meadowsweet filled their hearts with the fragrance of fresh love, and not all the agony of parting could quench the joy of youth and love and life.

The months went by and brought no news. At last she read into the silence all the cruel meaning that time and civilisation have wrought into the older, happier message.

She worked all day and slept the dreamless sleep of exhaustion at night, but as the year drew round towards summer she found it harder to resist her mother's anxious care for her future. There were other men. How should it be otherwise, since her understanding of one had drawn her close to all? She cared nothing for them, except for his sake, but she was desperately lonely.

One evening a flower-girl at the Marble Arch thrust a bunch of wild flowers into her hand. It was not till bed-time that she found a sprig of meadowsweet among the blossoms. She put it under her pillow and fell asleep.

And as she slept, she dreamt. She was back in the field that was a meadow, with the boy. Between them walked a third person, a very small person. His bare feet stumbled among the thistles, and, stooping, the boy and girl made a chair of their crossed hands. On this human seat they enthroned the small person and resumed their journey. The little feet brushed the petals of the meadowsweet and scattered them in the sunshine. When the flower bloomed above his head the small person lifted a tin bugle and blew across his path a shower of scented blossom, laughing at the pretty sight. The boy laughed, too, but, suddenly clasping the girl's hands with one of his own, he thrust the other into his pocket. He drew out a smouldering pipe and a tiny leather sandal. The small person greeted the hole in his sandal with a merry cheer, and blew hard on his tin bugle. . . .

Above the round fair head—soft and fragrant and fluffy as the pollen of meadowsweet—the eyes of the boy and girl met: and in that moment she awoke.

Her mother stood beside her bed.

"It is only the 'all clear!'" she said. "Did you hear the cheering? You were sleeping so quietly I did not like to wake you."

She drew the curtains and let in the dawn.

The girl sat up in bed.

(Continued on page 256)

Photograph *Arbuthnot*

MLLE. PAULETTE DE BAYE

A beauty of the French stage who is to appear in London shortly

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"TOLD TO ME BY PELMANISTS"

By H. GREENHOUGH SMITH

(Editor of "The Strand Magazine").

I AM going to write something about the Pelman system because I believe in it. I am anxious to take my share in calling the attention of the outside public to that system because I have become convinced that it is a real and great promoter of *efficiency*. And efficiency, in every walk of life, is what alone can save us as a people, when, in the ever-intensifying competition which will come when peace returns, we have to keep our flag flying in the never-ending battle for the survival of the fittest among nations. If any word of mine can help the cause I feel that I should be guilty of remissness if I failed to speak it.

Long before I knew anything about the Pelman System in its methods I knew a good deal about it in its results. What I mean I can best explain by a few typical examples of cases which have fallen within my own experience.

The first case that comes into my mind is that of a certain bridge player of my acquaintance—his like exists in every club—who was the very type of the happy-go-lucky and haphazard player—the kind who forgets his partner's call or the suit he led from ; who has been known to play a spade hand under the impression that the call was a no-trumper ; and who every now and then embellishes his game with a revoke. Suddenly, within a few weeks, his style of play improved beyond all knowledge. He was simply bringing into use for the first time, his memory, his observation, his power of concentration, and, what depends on these, his faculties of deduction. He was able not only to remember what cards his opponents had played, but to infer *why* they had played them. He had been taking the Pelman Course —not for the sake of improving his bridge playing—that was only a side issue. But the result, as shown in the club card-room, was, in a familiar phrase of Carlyle's, "eloquent of much." He had become a more capable individual all round. It was not merely that he could play a better game of bridge which was a matter of comparatively small importance, but he had become equipped to play his part with a far larger measure of success in the great game of life itself. And here it may be remarked that, although money is not everything, it would be folly to ignore the fact that, whether in the small game or the great one, it is the better player who, in the long run, sweeps in the stakes.

Is the Pelman System, then, really able to turn a nincompoop into an expert ? Well, hardly that, of course, But in many cases, if you can cure a man of woolgathering, it really almost comes to the same thing. A pamphlet issued by the Pelman Institute has an apt remark on this point. "'Mind-wandering' is one very destructive form of Brain-waste. The *un*trained brain cannot concentrate wholly upon its subject ; it has a tendency to drift and its owner does not know how to prevent it. A Pelman training corrects this and enables the worker to bring *all* his brain-power to bear upon any subject whenever he wishes and for as long as he wishes."

My next example is that of a young journalist in whose work I taken an interest. He is a man of no small natural gifts, endowed with a power of easy expression which always made his writing a delight to read. Yet there was something wanting. His descriptions did not seem quite vivid and alive ; they were like pictures somewhat blurred. He, too, went in for a course of Pelman study. What he had lacked, without knowing it, was the knack of seeing things. His powers of observation were untrained and undeveloped. Now his descriptive writing is as full of graphic detail as a Dutch painting. His scenes start up before the reader's eye as if he saw them. And I am glad to say that, like all work that is getting better, it is getting better paid.

Again, I number among my acquaintances two young women, sisters, very much alike in character, who were married and set up housekeeping at nearly the same time A was a Pelman student—B was not. Now, explain the matter how you will, the fact remains that A's house, from nursery to kitchen, was all spick-and-span, while her sister's, although she spent—or, rather, wasted—twice the money, was—not to put too fine a point upon it—an eyesore. In short, A's home was a model, B's a muddle.

The fact is, few people realise what systematic training means for women. Few realise that to run a house is to run a business ; that a woman who has to look after a house, a husband, tradesmen, servants, has to be an organiser, a manager, an accountant, a buyer, a caterer, a nurse, a teacher, a sempstress, and several other things, in one. To run an office is child's play beside it—for this, among a host of other reasons, that it is easier to replace a clerk than to replace a cook. Yet to this business, this profession, which emphatically demands a trained professional to conduct it with the best results, most women come as amateurs. No wonder that, until in course of time they have bought experience with suffering, they so often make a mess of things. And it is only the plain and literal truth to say that nine-tenths of this trouble could have been spared them.

One more example. A young man, a connection of my own, whom I had not come across for several months, called the other day to see me. He was one of those young fellows whom everybody knows in plenty, breezy, good-hearted, fairly clever, but giddy, pleasure-loving, and with all the makings of a slacker. He came to tell me that his guardian had promised to give him a trial in his own business, a firm of wholesale dealers whose name is known in every city in the kingdom, on condition that he first went through the course of Pelman training. He had done so, and had discovered to his surprise that work—a thing for which, as Dr. Johnson said of his clean shirt, he had never had a passion—could become an interesting and even fascinating occupation. He had gone into the business and had been assured by his delighted guardian that he was "making good." I could see, myself, that he was altered and improved, and I told him my impression. "It has evidently made you," I said, "more assured, more manly.' "Pelmanly," he grinned—he was always an incorrigible joker—and as I winced he added : "If you want to make the journey of life easy, take a ticket by a Pelman car."

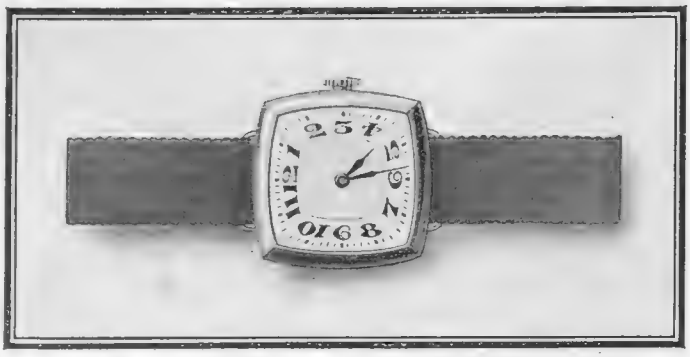
I shall not venture to excuse him—no one could. In this respect he was incurable. It is beyond even the Pelman System (I believe) to eradicate a tendency to the lower forms of humour. Yet there is many a true word spoken in jest, and there was a great truth behind his flippancy.

These examples from my own experience will suffice to show how I had come to know and to judge the Pelman System in the best and fairest way by which any system can be judged—by its results. Such experiences led me, as a natural sequence, to ascertain how such results were brought about. And so I was led to understanding how it come to pass that, by the scientific study of the mind and body, that system gives its students, as one of them expressed it, "something other people haven t got," and explains the fact that everywhere, in every rank and calling, one sees them, men and women, rising to the top as surely as a cork in water.

H. GREENHOUGH SMITH

A full description of the Pelman Course is given in "Mind and Memory" a free copy of which (together with TRUTH'S special supplement on "Pelmanism") will be sent post free to all BYSTANDER *readers who send a postcard to the Pelman Institute, 27, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1.*

Watch Bracelets



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A catalogue will be posted free on application.

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"The Question on Arms"

"Rilette's" picture is still apropos of nothing—nothing of the present, for the present has nothing to offer. The future is the only hope for the world—hence the mind wanders.

POPE & BRADLEY'S

Sole Proprietor H. Dennis Bradley

Civil, Military & Naval Tailors.

SHODDY

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

What sort of a world will the man who has fought for his country come back to? If we have any sense of justice, his should be the only opinion to count.

He left a world full of decencies, of ideals, of freedom, of the beautiful things, and comes back to a world of shoddy.

Shoddy ideals, shoddy dictators, shoddy thought, shoddy profiteers, shoddy clothes, shoddy bureaucrats, and shoddy minds—a shoddy life in a world of shoddy.

A world enchained, restricted, standardised, but the whole standard miserably low—like Wordsworth's standard of intoxication.

Think what he went out for. How he will chafe at it all when he returns and finds himself confronted by and in conflict with shoddy mediocrity.

* * * * *

Being blessed—or handicapped—with a conscience, the House I control has never tolerated shoddiness or mediocrity in any form. This is why its reputation has been maintained in war-time.

SERVICE DRESS.		MUFTI.	
Service Jackets ...	from £5 15 6	Lounge Suits from	£6 6 0
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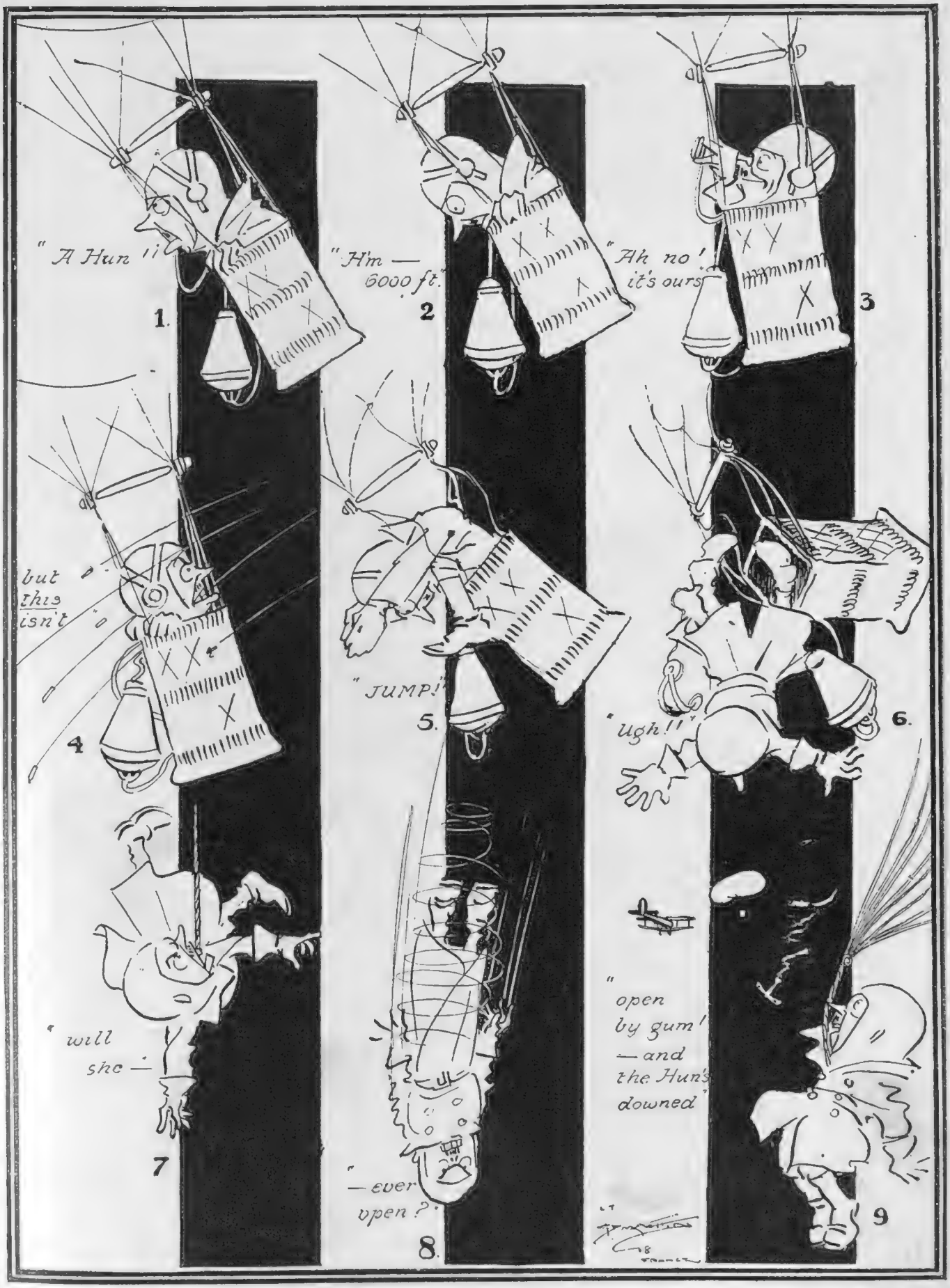

PASSED BY CENSOR

NO PESSIMISTS NEED APPLY

"MEADOWSWEET" (*concluded*)

Flushed with sleep, with hair unbound, she looked very young. The mother's resolution broke down.

"Child—you will be so lonely!" she urged. "You are so young—and the years are so long. I know. And I had you. Long months and weeks—long days and nights."

The girl put her hand under her pillow.

"I shall fill the days with work . . . and at night I shall sleep. Perhaps I shall dream."

She looked out at the brightening sky.

"Don't cry, mum! I am glad—and thankful—to wake to another day."

It was always a happiness to remember that in the hour that she had accepted life shorn of its best gift, life had restored to her that gift.

The morning's post brought news that the boy was alive. . . .

. . . . . .

Back in the field that was a meadow, she gathered a sprig of meadowsweet and thrust it into his pocket, drawing out, in exchange, a little leather case. Her photo was scorched and torn. Unthinking, she laughed.

"Careless!" she scolded—then, catching sight of his face, she hid her own against his coat.

"You're not having hysterics, are you?" he demanded, suspiciously. "It's always hysterics when women laugh and cry together!"

"It always—isn't! You've a lot to learn about women. My job to teach you. No more nurses——."

"Nurses!" he echoed. "Remember that bit of meadowsweet you sent in a letter? Sister swept it all up to the last fragment with a beastly little crumb-brush."

"What did you say?"

"*Say?*—I bit the thermometer in two!"

"You're too old to behave like that!" she chided.

He put his one arm round her.

"Old?—I'm a hundred! It's not only my arm I've lost. Health—nerves . . . sure you can face it?"

"Certain!"

She laid her head against the meadowsweet pocket.

"If we had married in the old way," she said, "with no war—no waiting—marriage might have made us old and tired. It does—sometimes."

"Never—with us!"

"Not any of the others doubted—why should we be sure? . . . But now the waiting has made us old and tired—marriage is to make us young again. I can't explain. It's all mixed up with the summer—and the sunshine, and the meadowsweet, especially the meadowsweet. I feel as if it had brought us to the truth."

And so, perhaps, it had. Meadowsweet, flower of youth—fragrance of life! To be gathered for the asking, yet bought with a price. They had gathered and had paid; it was theirs for ever—so to fill their lives with scent and bloom that all who walked beside them in a dusty world might turn and say, "This is a meadow!"

KATHLEEN A. SIMMONS.

A CALAMITY IN FAR CATHAY

Our photograph gives a graphic picture of the fire on the Hong Kong Racecourse, where over six hundred lives were lost as the result of the collapse and ignition of the spectators' stands

Mappin & Webb LTD.

Lady's 16-inch Morocco Leather Travelling Case, lined Silk, fitted with complete set of Sterling Silver Toilet requisites. Writing Materials, Manicure Instruments, &c

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Waterproof Cover, 21/-

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Torpedoed!

AN OFFICER'S TESTIMONY TO THE SUSTAINING QUALITIES OF

HORLICK'S

MALTED MILK TABLETS

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK COMPANY, Slough, Bucks.

Sirs,—I had occasion the other day to prove the sterling qualities which you claim for your Malted Milk Tablets and I find they are all you make them out to be. I was one of a Boatload of Survivors (there were eleven of us all told) from a ship that was torpedoed by an enemy submarine. We were adrift for thirty hours in an open boat, with nothing but one of your large size Flasks of Malted Milk Tablets to quench our thirst. I am very thankful to be able to say that when we were eventually picked up not one of us was suffering from either hunger or thirst. I shall always in future carry some of these Tablets with me when I go to sea, as I consider them extremely valuable. I have already recommended them to several brother officers.

Yours sincerely, ——Engr. Sub-Lt., R.N.R.

SEND THEM TO YOUR NAVAL AND MILITARY FRIENDS

See that the name Horlick's appears on every Container.

In Glass Pocket Flasks of all Chemists and Stores, and in Ration tins for H.M. Forces, 1/6 each If on active service our Ration tins should be sent, and we will forward one post free to any address on receipt of 1/6 Give full name and address, or name of ship, also your own name and address when sending remittance to

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS., ENGLAND.

SIR JAMES HORLICK, Bart., President.

'The Best of Servants'

For brilliance of appearance nothing serves your leather half so well as Lutetian Cream for *Brown*, Meltonian Cream for *Black*.

When treated with these Creams, your footwear, leggings, belts and straps are supple, soft and comfortable, able to resist both damp and wet.

Lutetian Cream

Made in Light, Dark, Extra Dark and Toney Red and

MeltonianCream

Obtainable at all Expeditionary Force Canteens in France.

If any difficulty in obtaining, send for nearest retailer's address to—

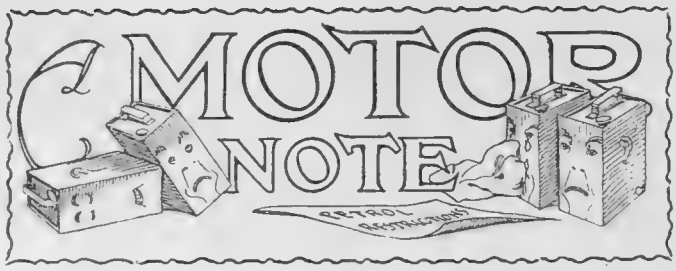
E. BROWN & SON, Ltd., 7, Garrick Street, London, W.C. 2.

JEWSBURY & BROWN'S

Oriental

Tooth Paste

Tubes 1/- Pots 1/6-2/6



ANOTHER estimate of the market's main motor-car requirements after the war, made this time by the *Autocar*, adds nothing to what has already been forecasted here and in a dozen other places—a vehicle lighter in weight for its power, more economical in first and running cost, equipped with electric starting and lighting, standard chassis, standard body, and sold complete in a drive-away condition. In short, very much the American idea translated into European form.

***

NOT wholly, of course. There must still be the demand for the individualised vehicle; but that market is comparatively small. The big business will be the "socialised" vehicle. My contemporary has been taking a census of British manufacturing views in order to discover whether this large market is going to be catered for. It concludes that it will *not* be catered for on any extended scale although it "will not be entirely unprovided for."

***

WELL—it's not our business to instruct the manufacturer what he shall do. My only trouble is lest the market's idea of what it wants differs from the manufacturer's idea of what it should want. There is not a large doubt in my mind concerning the idea that will prevail in such circumstances. So I hope my contemporary is wrong in the conclusions it draws from its census.

***

THE Automobile Association has again definitely declined to join the motoring council despite the fact that the clause in the council's programme to which the A.A. took strong exception was amended for discussion. Clause or no clause, the A.A. will not have a United Motoring Council; and so the United Motoring Council cannot be united. That's *that!*

***

SINCE writing the note on the post-war British car I have struck this announcement of a British manufacturer. To-day, the X Company "are planning for motor-car production on an enormous scale after the war. They are planning for minimum production cost, maximum value, and reduced selling price. They are going to make a car which will set a new standard in motor-car values." Good; but is it going to be a car for the low-priced market? Because it *has* to be if it is going to be produced on an enormous scale. I would like very much to know.

***

HOW many passenger motor vehicles are at the present time being manufactured for the Government? Not many, perhaps; which is one reason why the suggestion, often made, that the Government instead of having these new cars constructed should gradually consume those thousands of passenger motor vehicles at present locked in garages has never been adopted. Another reason may also exist in the lack of replacement parts for those locked-up vehicles. Another because of the undesirability of a multiplicity of types, sizes and powers in a service calling for comparative uniformity. And lastly because there is no real incentive to the Government to worry about small economies.

"C.A.V." LIGHTING AND STARTING will figure on the world's finest "After the War" cars, because it is the world's finest system.—C. A. VANDERVELL and Co., Ltd., Electrical Engineers, Acton, London, W. 3.

The most severe test for a carburetter is on an aeroplane under war conditions. CLAUDEL HOBSON CARBURETTERS are undergoing this test with credit.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.

Buick

You'll realise it then.

THERE will be nothing untried, untested about the Buick post-war model. It will be a car with an established reputation and with a record of successes behind it. Only after the war will you fully realise the advantage of having ordered early. When delivery time comes, when others are getting their Buicks, you will want yours too. Is it on order yet?

GENERAL MOTORS (Europe), LTD., 136, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

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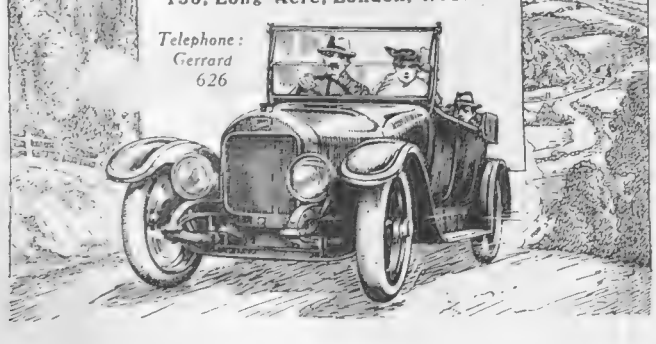

Aiming High

The higher the aim, the longer the shot. In like manner does the manufacturer who aims high get farther than those who are content with a standard of mediocrity.

Wood-Milne

Motor Tyres

represent the highest achievement of the British Tyre manufacturer. They seek no favour, but are content to be judged solely by results. The "High Aim" constantly kept in view throughout all stages of manufacture renders the result certain.

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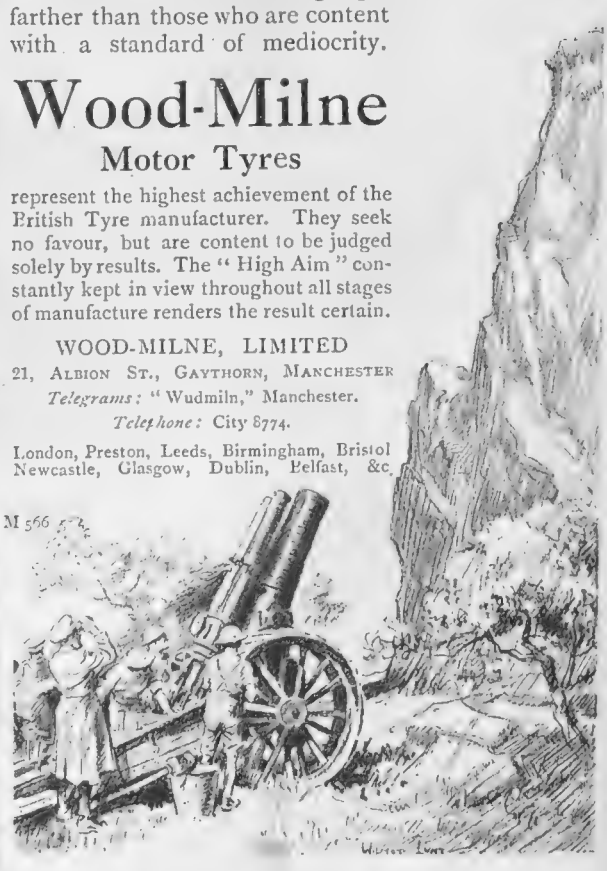

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Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

The Luxury Tax

WHAT this really means, is as yet a very debatable point. Luxury, like many other things, is so much a matter of comparison, one woman's meat, in the way of a hat or frock, being another woman's poison, so diametrically opposed are the taste and outlook of the *vraie élégante* to the little *midinette's*, who considers herself gloriously crowned at an expenditure of five or six shillings. But no one wants to cavil at this tax, and even there may be a few who will find it something of a salve to a conscience a little troubled over the cost of some coveted possession. Some of the money spent, anyway, will go towards increasing the revenue, and the rest — well, we shall know more about that when "luxuries" have been catalogued and docketed like other controlled goods.

In the meanwhile, the best thing to do is to think out a summer scheme of things, and carefully go about the necessary purchases. Buy nothing in a haphazard way, and always see to it that, whatever money is spent sound intrinsic value is received in exchange.

The Economy of a Good Sports Coat

NOW, sports coats are typical examples of the elusiveness of "luxuries." There are knitted coats and jumpers to be had for a few shillings, but these are anything but delectable, either in the matter of material, shape, style, or wear. Yet they have their own little world to please, the demand for these lesser priced goods fully justifying their existence. At the same time, there is no comparison between this type of jersey and the really beautiful models in cashmere and spun and artificial silks which must now be regarded as an essential item in every war-time wardrobe, and which are to be found in such supremely attractive guise at Jay's, Regent Street, a house that for years has held a position second to none for sports coats of every sort, kind, and description.

But even these experts have surpassed all previous efforts in their new season's offerings, which combine all the virtues of superfine materials, workmanship, and diversity of styles. There is positively no moment of the working day, that has been overlooked, or pursuit neglected, something suitable being provided to meet every need and requirement, and every model is invested with the "Jay" touch so characteristic of all that is best and most desirable. A charming all-wool stockinette coat is distinguished by a most novel pocket, shaped in one with the belt, a knitted woollen sports coat having two large patch pockets placed above the waist-line, instead of below, as is more usually the case, a fancy knitted sash, corresponding in kind to a large falling collar, affording a further effective finish. A useful heather-mixture jersey boasts the original feature of a particularly deep belt, a slight enough detail in itself, but sufficient to mark the exclusive character of all Jay's jerseys.

A CHINA SILK JUMPER
At Jay's

Emphasis is laid on the popular slip-on jumper shapes, in both wool and silk expressions. A novelty is provided in a simple model of real Indian cashmere, completed by a permanently attached scarf that can be disposed in a variety of becoming ways. China silk is the material requisitioned to the cause of the jumper selected for illustration, a charming model supplied in a big range of colours. The neck opening is sufficiently wide to allow for an easy

(Continued on page 262)

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued)

entrance, and the fullness at the waist is regulated by an originally devised narrow silk belt. Very fascinating, too, is an artificial silk jumper, the basque and cuffs bordered with a contrasting colour, big tassels dangling from the ends of a soft sash and at the base of the V-shaped neck opening.

Quite the Last Word in the Disposal of a Knitted Scarf

OUR simple black jersey cloth tailor-made suit is accorded the distinctive feature of quite the latest and best approved method of utilising a knitted scarf to take the place of material revers. Green and white wool makes a fine splash of colour, besides striking an immensely original note; and with this is worn a jumper blouse of white *crêpe de Chine* embroidered in green silk, and a linen hat tied about with a green ribbon band and bow.

Check Effect Achieved With Hem Stitching

THE ingenuity of the latter-day *modistes* is extraordinarily great, and affords ample testimony that necessity is indeed the mother of invention, the restricted output of materials, trimmings and the like, being met by deft individual touches which work positive wonders in lifting a simple model far out of commonplace realms. Hemstitching carried out to present a bold duster check is a new and eminently effective method of diversifying plain *crêpe de Chine*, taffeta, voile, etc., the material so treated fashioning entire frocks, or part of a frock supplemented by the plain material or a contrasting colour. Hemstitched check *crêpe de Chine* in a lovely shade of lavender and plain darker mauve *crêpe de Chine* were responsible for one especially *chic* little model, the check fashioning a quite simple bodice and tunic, the latter slit up to the waist either side, to show a straight slim underskirt of the plain *crêpe*. Saving and except for the original treatment of the material, this frock was of "nursery" simplicity. There was absolutely no extraneous trimming of any sort, the fullness at the neck being merely gathered up on a lavender picot edged ribbon draw string, tied in a quaint little bow in front.

THE KNITTED SCARF
A novelty in its use in place of a material revers

The Last Thing in Harmonies

THE latest fad is to match collars and sleeves. This is quite a new departure, and one that

(Continued on page 264)

In the Shadow of St. Paul's

TRELOAR'S

Brussels Carpets

Very good; old-fashioned in quality and appearance. Has great attraction for people of quiet tastes; durable and hard-wearing. On comparison, will be found to be one of the cheapest in the market; made in various pretty designs and colourings. A large and well-assorted stock.

Stair Carpets

Treloars have made extra quality Carpets a special study, and being aware that supplying a good carpet of the old-fashioned quality at a fair price will, in the long run, do them more credit than selling a cheap common qnality, they are content to let time prove that they can be relied upon. Large well-assorted stock.

TRELOARS have a large stock of all kinds of Floor Coverings suitable for rooms of all shapes and sizes. Call and inspect the quality, or write for particulars.

Just by the bridge on both sides of

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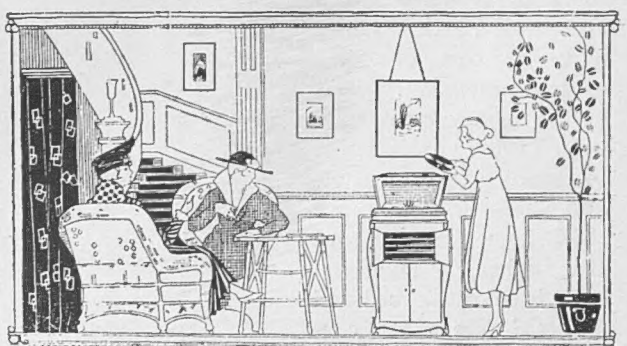

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By Appointment to *H. M. Queen Alexandra*

The 'Quorn' Featherweight
No. 4 Active Service Coat
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(Weight under 3lbs.)

AN adaptation of our "QUORN" Winter Coat, also supplied in short-length Coats with Extension Flap to protect the Knees. Guaranteed Waterproof.

Price £2 19 6

With Knee Extension **£3 3s.**

Supplied complete in Waterproof Envelope, fitted with swivels to attach to belt for convenience in carrying.

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Also in heavier weights the QUORN No. 1, 2 and 3 Active Service Coats.

Only measurements required to ensure perfect fit: Chest, length of sleeve from centre of back to length desired, and height.

Write for our Illustrated Booklet "For Active Service."

TURNBULL & ASSER
71-72, Jermyn St., London, S.W.

The Girl of the Week

Rhoda

RHODA reigned upon the river,
Gay Princess of Skiff and Punt,
Till the war transformed her vassals,
Into heroes at the Front.

Songs and picnics, love and laughter,
Parasols of brilliant hue,
Vanished from the cool green River
With the Boys that Rhoda knew.

Now she brings the river nearer,
To the trench-dwellers in France,
Sending them divine Abdullas—
Staunch supports in the Advance.

For the boys recall a vision—
'Mid the smoke-wreaths grey and blue—
Rhoda—radiant on the River—
In a Back-water for Two!

ABDULLA
THE CIGARETTE OF ALL TIME

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

must be attempted with a due amount of caution. A black charmeuse frock, just a straight all-in-one affair, was completed by long, close-fitting sleeves of beige-coloured satin, to which was toned a wide frilly *mousseline de soie* collar. These frilly collars are fast becoming an obsession. They are quite charming carried out in tulle the same colour as the frock, no matter what the material of the latter may be; and in some cases sleeve ruffles to correspond round off the scheme with considerable *éclat*.

❀

Summer Wear for the Denizens of the Nursery

SIMPLICITY and exceeding *chic* go hand in hand in all that pertains to tinies' apparel at Debenham and Freebody's. The thing is achieved, apparently, without the slightest effort; and each season as it comes along brings yet more attractive novelties.

At Debenham's children are not only decoratively dressed, but reasonably clad, and for every-day or garden summer wear it will be necessary to travel very far and wide to better some sweet little striped print frocks, completed by white *piqué* collar and cuffs. These are for girlies of from two to five years of age, and only cost 15*s*. 9*d*. Or if preferred, there may be had at the same price a range of cool zephyrs, with the jolliest sun-bonnet to match.

A PRETTY FROCK
For a "Tiny" at Debenham and Freebody's

Quite a feature is being made in these *salons* also of organdi, which is fashioned into the daintiest, most childish, frocks imaginable. One in palest rose petal pink had the skirt trimmed with three *plissé* frills and the quaintest cross-over bodice, to wear with which there has been arranged a short coatee of soft black satin strewn with tiny rosebuds, relieved by collars and cuffs of fine white muslin and lace. The ideal bettermost frock for a tiny is illustrated. This is of *crêpe de Chine*, the distinctive feature being the double frill of lace adorning the front. In pale pink, saxe and ciel blue, also ivory, this very dainty thing, in fine quality *crêpe de Chine*, is only 49*s*. 6*d*. Mothers possessed of wee boys just promoted to tunic suits, will find an unrivalled choice of styles, sizes, and materials, at Wigmore Street.

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